

GEN. GEORGE M. MOULTON.



The choice of the triennial convocation of the Knights Templar at San Francisco for the office of grand master of that organization. His home is in Chicago, where he commands a brigade of the Illinois national guard.

CONTRARY TO BUSINESS.

People in Certain Lines of Trade Who Do Not Use Their Own Wares.

"Drugs? The less you take of them the better; personally I wouldn't think of taking them!" So said a speaker recently at a meeting, when the question of the supply of drugs cropped up. His hearers stared at him, aghast, says Smith's Weekly. And well they might, for he was the proprietor of a large local chemist's shop.

Who can question the rarity of a thin butcher? Nearly every butcher, whether he be of the pork or ordinary variety, is a standing advertisement of his trade. Knowing one who certainly could lay no claims to stoutness, the writer of this article jocularly said to him: "Why are you not as fat as your brother butcher? It seems to reflect on the quality of your meat!" I was not prepared for the astounding reply: "I am not big, because under no circumstances do I ever eat a piece of meat. I am the strictest of vegetarians, and I do not believe that animal food is good for people." "Have you, then, no conscientious objection to selling what you consider harmful to health?" "Oh, dear no," came the quick reply. "I can't let my principles affect my pocket. My business is a good one, so—" He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

To be a successful public-house landlord, it is essential to be convivial. Still, this does not deter a good few publicans from remaining absolute teetotalers.

"When you are behind the bar," said one of these, "and a customer asks you to have a drink, it would be suicidal in a business sense to refuse. You would stamp yourself as being unsocial at once. Besides, there is the question of benefiting the takings. But that is no reason why you should take alcoholic liquor. It is a very old dodge to keep a handy 'Finest Old Tom' bottle, which instead of spirit contains simply water, and to imbibe a glass of that. You charge, of course, for the price of gin. Profitable? Rather!"

It would appear almost impossible that a man could remain all day long surrounded by and dispensing tobacco in every shape, without himself succumbing to the attraction of the "weed." Yet it is a fact that one of the principal Liverpool tobaccoists never has and avows he never will smoke either cigar, cigarette or pipe. His reason for this is that he feels if he once contracts the habit it would grow upon him so much that he would smoke all day long and to such an extent that his health would suffer. In fact, he is afraid of himself. By the way, you will generally find that when a tobaccoist is a tobacco abstainer he is usually a victim to the habit of taking snuff.

One or two of the most popular story-writers of the day are physically unable to write. They are prevented from doing so by blindness, a not uncommon malady amongst journalists. These men employ other methods of transferring their "copy" to paper. One of them dictates his copy to a secretary. Another finds that his flow of language is interrupted by the presence of a second person, so he has learned to master the intricacies of a typewriter. To such a pitch of excellence can he type now that it is seldom he makes a typographical error, and his memory is so good that he never repeats a phrase.

A young lady afflicted with blindness owns a very successful typewriting establishment in London. She has also turned her hand to authorship, and has written her experiences.

A well-known Jewish rabbi is now a dancing master. M. Molna was at one time chief rabbi at Marseilles and later at the Paris synagogue. Misfortunes, however, came his way and he lost his position. Two years ago he met Gen. Andre, the French minister of war, who gave him the position of dancing master at the military cadet school of St. Cyr. M. Molna has been engaged as professor of dancing at the Royal Casino.

Her Just Rights.

"Onions are good for digestion," said Mrs. Blank. "But I have never told my husband."

"Why don't you let him try them?" asked Mrs. Brown.

King a Good Shot.

The best royal marksman in the world is the king of Portugal. He shoots as well with his left hand as with his right.

DISARRANGED HER CLOCKS.

Grandmother Had Them All Set Wrong and Couldn't Tell Time with Them Right.

Long before the Western express had come within whistling distance of the Summerville station Uncle Charles declared he could hear the bells of grandmother's clocks, relates a writer in Youth's Companion. "Haven't heard 'em since I was a boy," he said, "but I know how they'll sound—all going together and every one of 'em right. I tell you, Little, you ought to have mother's sense of time. You can't even keep our mantel clock straight. Why, mother has a hall clock seven feet high and over a century old. Then there's the 'banjo' clock in the dining-room, and the 'sun' in the kitchen—we call it the 'sun' because of a round hole in the door-picture to see the pendulum through. There are three or four others besides, and the way mother keeps them straight is a marvel. It must be the old wooden wheels. Nothing like them nowadays!"

Half an hour later grandmother greeted her home-coming flock at the door of the neat white farmhouse, and sent them to their rooms to prepare for a waiting dinner.

"Hello!" said Uncle Charles, as he followed Aunt Lettie into the east chamber. "There's Uncle Hiram Doty's old 'bullfrog' clock. Has a voice like a frog when it's getting ready to strike." Mechanically he pulled out his watch and consulted it, then glanced again at the clock. He hesitated, then without comment stepped forward and set the clock half an hour ahead. Aunt Lettie smiled, said nothing.

A little later, entering the kitchen, he beheld the "sun" ticking merrily in its accustomed place. Uncle Charles compared it with his watch. Grandmother was out of the room. Stealthily he opened the clock door and moved the hands back 20 minutes.

Dinner had hardly begun when from east chamber and kitchen came simultaneously wheezing and banging of bells. The "sun" counted six and stopped. The "bullfrog" did better and made it 13. Grandmother looked up in alarm and gazed at the "banjo-clock" before her. It was, so Uncle Charles discovered, an hour and a half fast. That alarmed her still more.

"Charles," said grandmother, severely, "have you been settin' my clocks?"

"Why, yes, mother. I fixed the 'sun' and the 'bullfrog.' They seemed a little off."

"Well, mercy sakes! How ever shall I tell the time now?"

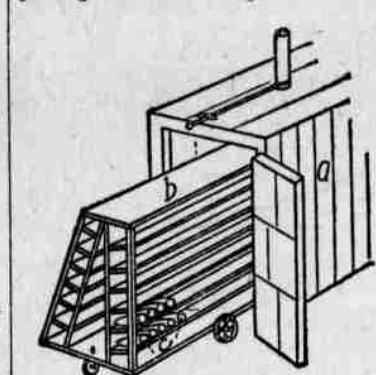
"By them, of course. They're right now."



GOOD IDEA FOR DAIRYMEN.

How to Construct a Sterilizing Oven with Rack for Bottles and Other Utensils.

I have in use a sterilizing oven with rack for bottles and tinware, that may be made by any capable carpenter and tinner. Letter a represents the sterilizing oven with door opened to receive truck shown at b. The oven is made of matched lumber on a light frame, the inside lined with zinc, soldered at the joints. The door is double, with beveled edges, having felt, asbestos or rubber packing on the four edges outside to



STERILIZING AND BOTTLE RACK.

make steam tight. No floor or threshold is required. Drainage is supplied through the floor.

I introduce the steam by a row of jets 8 to 12 in apart from steam pipe laid near the floor on two sides and connected with live steam pipe. Inside pipes are capped, allowing steam to escape only at short nipples or holes drilled in pipe. A flue four inches in diameter is placed in top of oven. This is closed during sterilization and opened afterward to hasten cooling and drying off bottles. Place bottles on inclined rack as shown at c. This permits drainage of bottles without further handling and prevents dust entering.—F. W. Mossman, in Farm and Home.

DO NOT FORGET THE SALT.

Milk Yield Is Decreased If the Cows Are Kept Without the Mineral They Crave.

It is a very easy matter to forget to salt the cows, as every person that has had the care of dairy cows knows. Many a farmer realizes the need of the animals for salt and intends to give them salt at regular intervals. Frequently he does not awake to the fact that the cows are not getting enough salt till he notices a flat fresh taste in the milk, and he at once connects this with the absence of salt. This fatness is supposed to be the only detriment to the non-salting of the cows. But tests made at different times show that the volume of the milk is decreased by this withholding of the mineral that every animal craves. At the Mississippi Experiment station the experiment was tried of keeping cows without salt for a number of weeks. Three cows were deprived of salt for four weeks. The first two weeks the milk was not weighed, as it was likely that the cows would not at first notice the loss of the salt by decreasing their milk. During the two last weeks of the period, however, the milk was weighed and was found to be 454 pounds for the period. The salt was given to them again and the milk weighed for the ensuing two weeks, when it was found to amount to 564 pounds. This was a gain of 110 pounds of milk due to the salting. Doubtless the best way to give the salt is to place large lumps of rock salt where the animals can lick them at leisure. There will then be no danger of the animals eating too much at any one time or of poultry getting at it and eating enough to kill them. The love of all animals for salt is shown by the habit they have of frequenting places where salt is to be found. In the early history of the country, when hunting was a business as much as any other, the hunters used to lie in wait in the places where salt streams flowed from the mountains and left crystal deposits on the rocks, for the hunters knew that such places were frequented by animals from far and near for the purpose of licking the salty rocks. The processes of digestion require salts to assist them. They can be carried on without salt, but always at a disadvantage.—Farmers' Review.

Early Maturity Is Desirable.

It may be that we have put so much stress on the early maturing qualities of swine that we have reduced their vitality; but if that is so, we have gained some things in its place. One of the things gained is the perfection of flesh that makes it possible to market a pig at almost any age. This is not true with some of the common stock of swine that have little improved blood. The pure bred animals can be disposed of at almost any time. In the case of the near approach of cholera this is a desideratum, as it makes it possible for the owner to escape the disease by the quick marketing of his hogs. As this kind of swine brings good prices young, he is not held back by the certainty that the animals must be disposed of at a great sacrifice.—Farmers' Review.

Market for Peach Kernels.

There is considerable demand in Europe for the kernels of peach and apricot seeds, which are largely used as a substitute for bitter almonds, by makers of macaroons and other confectionery. Almonds cost at wholesale at Hamburg from 15 to 18 cents per pound, whereas peach and apricot kernels bring from 11 to 13 cents, which is enough cheaper to give them a ready sale. If the great fruit canneries of this country would employ machinery to crack their waste peach and apricot pits in such a way as to save the kernel they could dispose of their entire output at a handsome profit.

Smallest in Thieves.

An English thief was arrested the other day whose method was to induce little boys to take off their shoes in order to run a race and leave him in charge of the shoes. When they returned, breathless, he and the shoes were gone.

She Wilted.

He—Darling, this is the eleventh time that I have proposed to you since we met here. Will you be mine?

She—Whew! Eleven times during the dog days? I wilt.—Detroit Free Press.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

An Old Story Related in the Words of a St. Nicholas League Member.

St. Louis is the Mecca toward which all eyes are turned during these days. But while numbers of our leaguers are gasping for air among the hot buildings, listen while I tell you of another little piece of this great purchase, says Fern L. Patten, in St. Nicholas League.

I will take you along a country road over which I often drive. Starting from my own front gate, shaded by big, soft maples, we spin down the level road, past the orchard. The cherries are vain in their bright June red; and the peach trees are full of little green, woolly peaches, growing so close to the branch that they look as though they might have been glued there by hand. Now we are shut in by the osage hedges bordering the road. How pretty they are in their glossy leaves! Along the roadside are patches of pink-and-white primroses. And there is a small patch of wild strawberries with a few ripe berries still left. Here the hedge is trimmed low, and a delicious breath is borne across from the field of red clover. From this small hill we have a clear view across the fields for over a mile. We could see farther, were it not for the hedges and groves. At one side is a field of flax, blue with its dainty blossoms, and also a field of wheat just turning yellow. On the other stretches away a large field of corn. See the heat waves throb and shimmer over it.

One can almost imagine the corn is tiptoe to meet them.

We are coming now to Dry Branch. Its banks are covered with big trees—sycamore and oak.

How cool and woody the air smells on coming from the hot sun! Up there on the topmost twig of the highest tree sways a redbird, calling:

"Pretty, pretty, pretty. Co-me. Co-me."

Now we are out in the sun again, and there is a district schoolhouse, a fine, white one, with a big bell in the tower.

And all this is a tiny bit of the Louisiana Purchase—the land that caused so much debate and anxiety for the good men 100 years ago.

"Shall we buy it?" "Do we need it?" "Will it ever be settled?"

If they could only have had a glimpse of what the great land was to be, how surprised they would have been!

PROTECTION FOR MUSK-OX.

Rendered Necessary by Killing Off of the Animals in Hudson Bay Region.

If there are any musk-ox robes lying about, and are to be had at a reasonable price, corner them. That is the advice given by a veteran and wholesale furrier, says a Montreal correspondence of the Boston Herald.

Just now they are worth, retail, from \$100 to \$200 a set, according to their condition and they are a great favorite in Canada. What their price will be next winter and the next is difficult to foresee.

Gov. Moody, of Hudson's bay, the first governor which that territory ever had, located at Fullerton, which is to be made the capital of the district, will see that no more musk-ox, which virtually only inhabit the Canadian possessions near Hudson's bay, will be killed for export. The Eskimos and Indians will be permitted to kill the animals for food and will, naturally, be permitted to sell the heads and pelts, but they will be severely punished if they kill more than they need.

Whalers will be prevented from buying the skins, as they have been doing in the past. It has been for some time a mystery what the whalers really saw in the bay where whales have been thinned out pretty well. It was generally supposed that they did a good contraband trade in whiskey, arms, and ammunition; but Gov. Moody's visit brought to light the fact that thousands of musk-ox have been brought away by these ships upon each return voyage.

Two ships which Gov. Moody visited during his stay in the Arctic regions had respectively 200 and 300 musk-ox on board, brought to them by the Eskimos. They pay them in provisions, a small amount for each animal.

Considering the retail price of the skins, and the fact that the whalers receive \$50 each for the head from wholesale furriers, a shipment of musk-ox is not a bad investment.

The Canadian government, admitting that the native needs the flesh for food, the pelt for clothes, and the soft wool that is rubbed off from the skin in the molting season for underwear, is afraid that the animal will become extinct, and, therefore, forbids the killing, except as a necessity.

Of Ancient Date.

War cartoons are not a modern invention. According to an archeologist, they appear in the Egyptian friezes in the British museum. One represents Pharaoh's chariot drawn by dogs and surrounded by an army of cats. The enemy, of course, are rats. Another cartoon represents a donkey and a lion playing draughts, much as a modern cartoonist might depict the British lion and the Russian bear playing chess or ping-pong or shaking dice. No doubt the Egyptians laughed at these cartoons until they cracked their angular stone faces. This may be why the ancient sculptures are so broken up.—Youth's Companion.

The Conclusion.

Bess—What nationality is Berntha's fiancé?

Tess—Irish, I think; he gave her an emerald solitaire for an engagement ring.—Detroit Free Press.

Money in Melons.

Thirty millions dollars have been paid by the east to Colorado melon growers in the Arkansas valley district since the discovery of the famous Rocky Ford cantaloupes.

Avoiding Dilution.

A Kentucky colonel, who in every other way showed his enjoyment of his Bourbon, always shut his eyes as he lifted his glass to his lips. As this is the way children are usually advised to take unsavory medicine, his friends wondered that the colonel should show such an aversion to looking at the beverage that all the rest of Kentucky likes to gaze on only less than to taste. Some one asked him at last why he always shut his eyes. He replied: "All'n afraid if Ah looked at it mah mouth would watah and dilute mah liquah."—Chicago Chronicle.

Sayings of Little Ones.

Little Freddie—Did God make everything?

Sapleigh—Yaws, Freddie, he made everything for some—aw—purpose, don'tcher know?

"What do you s'pose he made you for?"—St. Louis Republic.

Kansas City Southern Ry. Special Excursion.

Sept. 13, 20 and 27, Oct. 4 and 18, 1904, to Arkansas, Indian Territory, Louisiana and Texas, very low one way and round trip rates.

For further information, write to S. G. Warner, G. P. & T. A., K. C. S. Ry., Kansas City, Mo.

In Manchuria.

First Correspondent—Say, old man, I've just got a bundle of newspapers from home.

Second Correspondent—Thank goodness. Now we'll be able to learn something of what is going on at the front.—Houston Chronicle.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle and treatise. Dr. Kline, 331 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

It would help some if the Japs and Russians would fight a battle now and then at some place that is marked on the map.—Rochester Post-Express.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.

Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

"A prudent man never butts into danger for the purpose of advertising his bravery."

THE MARKETS.

	New York, Sept. 29.
CATTLE—Native Steers	4.25 @ 5.50
HOGS—Fair to Choice	5.00 @ 5.50
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3.75 @ 4.25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red (new)	1.15 @ 1.25
OATS—No. 2	.35 @ .40
CORN—No. 2	.50 @ .55
BARLEY—No. 2	.40 @ .45
RYE—No. 2	.40 @ .45
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ST. LOUIS.

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NEW ORLEANS.

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INDIANAPOLIS.

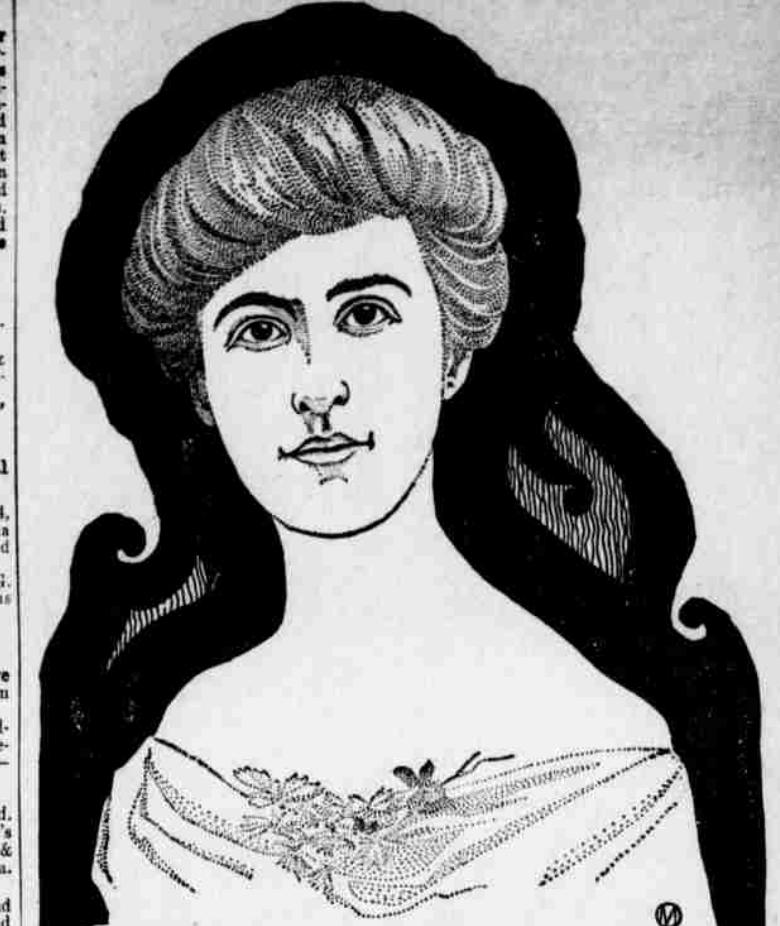
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Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I can conscientiously recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness, and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains, and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."—Miss GULA GANNON, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Mich., Secretary Amateur Art Association.

It is clearly shown in this young lady's letter that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will certainly cure the sufferings of women; and when one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of the countless hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all; and for the absolute cure of all kinds of female ills no substitute can possibly take its place. Women should bear this important fact in mind when they go into a drug store, and be sure not to accept anything that is claimed to be "just as good" as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for no other medicine for female ills has made so many actual cures.

How Another Sufferer Was Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I cannot praise your wonderful remedies enough, for they have done me more good than all the doctors I have had. For the last eight years and more I suffered with female troubles, was very weak, could not do my housework, also had nervous prostration. Some days I would remain unconscious for a whole day and night. My neighbors thought I could never recover, but, thanks to your medicine, I now feel like a different woman."

"I feel very grateful to you and will recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all. It has now been four years since I had the last spell of nervous prostration. I only weighed ninety-eight pounds at that time; now I weigh one hundred and twenty-three. I consider your Vegetable Compound the finest remedy made. Thanking you many times for the benefit I received from your medicine, I remain, Yours truly, Mrs. J. H. FARMER, 2809 Elliott Ave., St. Louis, Mo."

Remember Mrs. Pinkham's advice is free and all sick women are foolish if they do not ask for it. She speaks from the widest experience, and has helped multitudes of women.

\$5000 FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Wabash LINE.

"Banner Blue Limited"

BETWEEN

ST. LOUIS and CHICAGO

The Finest Day Train in the World.

Leaves St. Louis Union Station 11: